

## FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

### A WICKED STYLE.

Yes, mamma, yes; do take it off!  
I see you so coldly stare;  
A pretty bird so still and dead  
Indeed, I can not wear.

For every time I bend my head  
I see one soft blue wing  
Which brings me thoughts of trees and  
And birds that sweetly sing.

I'm angry, then, because my bird  
Was not allowed to fly  
And sing and swing on waving trees  
Beneath the summer sky.

Yes, yes; I know it cost so much—  
Five dollars, did you say?  
If I were rich I'd give twice that  
To see it fly away.

But, mamma, though your purse is filled  
With coins that brightly shine,  
They'll not bring back the stolen life  
To this poor bird of mine.

That woman's heart is kind and good  
I hear most people say,  
And yet they'll have these dear birds  
Killed to make themselves look gay.

I'm sorry I'm a little girl,  
Were I a woman grown  
I would not buy dead birds, but pay  
To have them let alone.

But, mamma, please to Fashion write  
And tell her not to smile;  
That this is such a wicked thing  
We wish she'd change the style.

—Clara J. Denton, in N. Y. Independent.

### A CITY IN RUINS.

The Colony of Little Animals Which  
Once Lived in Thousands of Cradles—  
Not So Harmless as They Seem.

Nothing that we find on the beach is  
more of a wreck than the torn bit of  
seaweed that we preserve and spread  
so carefully and that is so beautiful;  
but the wrecks I am telling about were  
all the homes of living animals, and  
among your seaweeds—if you have any  
—I have no doubt you can find at least  
two or three genuine wrecks, not of  
one creature's home, but of whole cities  
of little animals.

When you pick up what looks like a  
bit of weed, but is rather stiff and  
sorny, keeping its shape as you handle  
it, you may be sure it is no weed. If  
it is shaped like a tiny shrub, an inch  
or two high, it is one that is very com-  
mon on our shores, the *Eugenia turrita*.  
If you look closely at it, even with a  
common magnifying glass or "lens  
glass," you will see that it is in little  
points. Well, at every one of these  
points is a little cell, or room you may  
call it, and when it was in the sea a  
little creature lived in each one. It  
could draw itself down into a mere  
lump in the bottom, or it could thrust  
out a daisy-shaped head and draw the  
sea-water into its mouth.

What is strange about them, all the  
little fellows that lived in one of these  
small shrubs were connected together  
in such a way, through the hollow  
stems, that they were like one  
animal, and lived and died to-  
gether. And, wonderful to say,  
it is all one family, and grew  
from one mere dot of a sea baby, which  
swam around by means of the fringe  
of hairs or cilia, till it wished to settle,  
when it became fixed on a shell or a  
weed, and began this great family of  
hundreds of creatures.

Sometimes you will find on a broad  
seaweed or a shell a flat colony of  
these little creatures, standing out like  
the spokes of a wheel, and branching  
in every direction. This is the *Crista  
echinacea*, and it had its tent at every  
point. Nothing could be prettier than  
this little white city when a fairy-like  
blossom opened at every joint.

One of the most curious of these  
quicker cities is called the leafy sea-mat.  
It looks like a thick-leaved plant, from  
a half-inch to two or three inches  
high, and of brownish color. Look  
carefully at it, especially if you have a  
glass, and you will see that it is cov-  
ered with little cells shaped like tiny  
slippers, or, as one writer calls them,  
cradles. They do look like cradles, the  
more so as each one has its living baby  
in it.

Some of these big sea families grow in  
the shape of a lovely feather from one  
inch to three inches long; it is a *Ser-  
tularia*, and I dare say you have one  
among your seaweeds—nearly every  
one has. It is yellowish in color, and  
stiff, and will not stick to the paper  
like seaweed, but has to be gummed or  
otherwise fastened. The beautiful pink  
coralline that you gather in the rock  
pools or on shells was once the home  
of thousands.

Little and harmless and weed-like as  
they look, some of them are well pro-  
vided with weapons. The feathery  
one I spoke of has been carefully  
studied through a microscope, and it  
is discovered that each tiny dot of a  
polyp (these little fellows are polyps)  
has a lance, or a dart, or whatever you  
may call it—a long, elastic thread,  
very strong, that usually lies coiled up  
in his cell, but which he can throw  
with great force. It is armed with  
barbs, and it in some way poisons any  
little creature it touches. So it isn't  
so innocent a bit of seaweed as it looks.  
It is a true weed, not of one, but of  
thousands—a ruined polyp city, in fact,  
or what the biologists call a Polypidom.

Sometimes, among all these cities,  
you will find one little fellow that lives  
in his cunning shell house all alone.  
It is about the size of a pin's head—a  
minute tube coiled up tightly and fast-  
ened to a seaweed. The owner, when  
alive, was a worm-like creature with  
an elegant flower-like head, and a  
cock-shaped door to keep out enemies.  
Its name was *Spirorbis*.—*Olive Thorne  
Miller, in Christian Union.*

### THE WISE RUBY THROAT.

The Cute Ways in Which He Tries to  
"Fool" People.

Under our bay-window there grew a  
small tree, and upon one of its branch-  
es was a rubythroat humming-bird's  
nest. One day it grew very cloudy and  
soon began to rain. I was watching the  
nest at the time, thinking that the  
poor little ones would get drowned;  
but as soon as the drops of rain com-  
menced to fall, away flew the moth-  
er bird to a large tree near by, and  
then returned with a leaf in her  
mouth, and carefully covered the  
nest over, fastening the ends of the  
leaf to a couple of twigs that grew  
close to the nest. In this way the  
young ones were kept as dry under the  
green roof as if their house had been

built by a carpenter. When the rain  
was over the mother came back and  
unhooked the leaf.

The rubythroat is very easily tamed,  
and is a most loving and trustful little  
creature. A friend of mine told me  
an interesting story of a humming-bird  
that used to fly around their porch  
where one of the trumpet-flower vines  
grew. At one time one of these little  
creatures coming to drink juice from  
the flowers, seemed very little. A  
girl approached it very gently. The  
bird was not frightened away, but as  
the girl came near the vine she stretched  
forth her hand, and the humming-bird  
rested on one of her fingers. It was  
afterward taken into the house and  
kept as a pet.

Our friend Mr. Weber discovered a  
curious habit connected with their  
nesting. He had frequently observed,  
while watching for their nests, that  
the rubythroats, after leaving their  
station, shot suddenly and perpendicu-  
larly in the air until they became in-  
visible. At last he had the great satis-  
faction of seeing the female bird fall,  
like a fiery aerolite from the sky, upon  
the spot where she had built her nest;  
so that this curious habit of ascending  
and descending must have been in-  
stinctively taught to the birds for the  
purpose of concealing the precise posi-  
tion of the nest.

He also tells us that one of his cap-  
tured rubythroats "played possum"  
when taken, simulating death in a  
very perfect manner. On several oc-  
casions he had enticed the living  
creatures into the room by placing vases  
of tempting flowers on the table and  
adroitly closing the sash as soon as  
they were engaged with the flowers, but  
he had always lost them through their  
dashing at the window and striking  
themselves against the glass. At last,  
however, his attempts were crowned  
with success. "This time," he says, "I  
succeeded in securing an uninjured  
captive. It immediately suggested  
itself to me that a mixture of two parts  
refined loaf sugar with one of honey in  
ten parts of water would make about  
the nearest approach to the nectar of  
flowers. While my sister ran to pre-  
pare it I gradually opened my hand to  
look at my prisoner, and saw, to my  
no little amusement as well as sus-  
picion, that it was actually 'playing  
possum'—feigning to be dead most  
skillfully. It lay on my open palm  
motionless for some minutes, during  
which I watched it in breathless curi-  
osity. I saw it gradually open its  
bright little eyes to peep whether the  
way was clear, and then close them  
slowly as it caught my eyes upon it.  
But when the manufactured nectar  
came and a drop was touched on the  
point of its bill, it revived very sud-  
denly, and in a moment was on its  
legs, drinking with eager gusto of the  
refreshing draught from a silver tea-  
spoon. When asked it refused to take  
any more, and sat perched with the  
coolest self-composure on my finger  
and plumed itself quite as artistically  
as if on its own favorite spray. I was  
enchanted with the bold, innocent  
confidence with which it turned up its  
keen black eyes to survey us as much  
as to say: 'Well, good folks, who are  
you?'—*Christian Weekly.*

### A Smart Crow.

About a year ago, *Golden Days* told  
of a smart talking crow, named Mary,  
that lived at Germantown, Pa. Now  
comes news of another crow with an  
education. This latter crow was found  
in the woods near Plainville, Conn.,  
when it was a mere nestling. At that  
time one of its wings and one of its  
legs were broken, so that it could hard-  
ly get along. Even now it moves with  
awkward flops, for its wing has never  
regained its strength. From Plainville  
this crow was taken to Unionville,  
where lives Mrs. Frederick Hart, and  
the lame bird became that lady's feath-  
ered friend. It is not a house pet, but  
lives in a pine tree in the front yard,  
winter as well as summer. Whenever  
it sees a dog, it runs to the tree, hoarsely  
crying: "Mother, here's a dog!" As  
for cats, it is not afraid of them, but  
pulls their tails at every opportunity.  
It was in the habit of whipping all the  
chickens of the neighborhood, until one  
day a big Shanghai rooster thrashed it  
within an inch of its life. "Well, well,  
that was a cyclone," says the crow,  
every time he sees that Shanghai. Last  
spring, as Mrs. Hart's gardener was  
putting out cabbage plants, he went  
along on his hands and knees, not  
looking back till he had reached the  
end of the long row. When at last he  
did look back, lo! the mischievous bird  
had just pulled up the last but one of  
the plants so carefully put in the  
ground. Most of its expressions are  
picked up from the children of the  
neighborhood. Not the least of its ac-  
complishments is the way it awak-  
ens Mrs. Hart, hopping to the window-sill  
of her room at sunrise every morning,  
and saying, as it shakes the shutters:  
"Mother, are you up? Are you up,  
mother?"—*Golden Days.*

### Pursuing a Middle Course.

Young Matron (with theories on  
care of children, to nurse)—Jane?  
Nurse—Yesam.

Young Matron—When the baby has  
finished his bottle, lay him in the  
cradle on his right side. After eating,  
a child should always lie on the right  
side; that relieves the pressure on the  
heart. Still (reflectively) the liver is  
on the right side—perhaps, after all,  
you had better lay him on the left side.  
No, I am sure the treatise on infant  
digestion said right side. On the  
whole, Jane, you may lay the baby on  
his back until I have looked up the  
matter more thoroughly.—*Life.*

W. and D. Gladstone, two dusty  
millers of White Cottage, Stark  
County, O., are cousins of the great  
English statesman. They are quiet,  
unobtrusive business-men, and are said  
to take more pride in their American  
citizenship and their millstones than in  
their English Gladstone.—*Cleveland  
Leader.*

Chief Poundmaker's death is said  
to have been caused by strangulation.  
He was eating berry soup and bunch  
grass. The soup went down the  
wrong way, and in coughing he burst  
a blood vessel, from which he died.

### BEATING THE SHARPERS.

Grand Army Vets Who Were Too Sharp  
for the Bunko-Men.

Notwithstanding the popular news-  
paper fiction of sharpers meeting green  
strangers and getting hoist by their  
own petard, the fact is, that when an  
expert confidence man puts his tenta-  
cles upon a "sucker," something usually  
comes before he lets go. The en-  
campment here has furnished a few  
bona fide exceptions to the rule that  
are worthy of chronicling. The low  
fares and the presence of so vast a  
number of strangers have of course  
drawn a great number of sharks to San  
Francisco. This class is distinct from  
pickpockets and thieves. It is formed  
of confidence operators, pure and sim-  
ple, prepared to victimize the Grand  
Army of the Republic strangers at any  
time from Chicago, some from  
St. Louis, and there are two or three  
families on the street that are familiar to  
Inspector Byrnes and his detectives at  
New York. One of the metropolitan  
"outfit" was lamenting his lack of  
luck to a party of friends in a Kearny  
street sporting resort the other evening.

"I had been reading up army his-  
tory for about a month," he said, "and  
was well posted on the leading battles.  
You see I wanted to be able to talk to  
the veterans, but it turned out that it  
got me into a pretty tight fix. I got  
acquainted with an old fellow and  
found that he had been in the battle of  
Gettysburg. I wanted to draw him  
into a poker game and to make myself  
solid, and said: 'Why, I was in that  
fight, too.'"

"Is that so?" he said. "You ain't  
a G. A. R., are you?"  
"No," I answered. "I don't care  
to join for private reasons."

"So you were at Gettysburg?" the  
old fellow went on. "What division,  
now, did you belong to?"  
"To Sickles."

"Yes, yes—why, I belonged to that,  
too. Where were you the night after  
the first day's fighting?"  
"I slept in a barn on Culps Hill,"  
I answered, cautiously, for I felt I was  
getting into deep water.

"No," he exclaimed. "What kind  
of a looking barn was it?"  
"Well," I said, at random, "as near  
as I can remember it was a small,  
single-story building, with one side  
partly blown out."

"No! Was there a straw-rick in it?"  
"I don't know," I said, desperately;  
"I believe there was."  
"You don't say so?" he replied; "and  
the manger busted?"  
"Yes, I think so."

"Was there another fellow there  
with you?"  
"I think there was," I said, like a  
blamed fool, not knowing what was  
coming.

"You scoundrel, you," yelled the  
old man, "that was me! Give me back  
my wallet!"  
"What wallet?"  
"O, you know well enough. The  
blasted thief that slept with me that  
night stole my wallet and two hundred  
dollars in greenbacks. I've been look-  
ing for him now for twenty-five years.  
I thought I knewed you when you  
came up."

"It took some of the hardest talking  
I ever did in my life to get rid of him.  
I don't want any more Grand Army in  
mine."

Another story was told in the Ore-  
gon headquarters. It seems that a  
couple of smooth-tongued gentry  
fastened on to one of the veterans, and  
proposed to go out and see the town.  
But before starting he excused himself  
a minute, and stated on coming back  
that he had left his money with a  
friend for safe-keeping, and only taken  
along a few dollars. They told him it  
was all right if he knew where he  
could find his friend when he wanted  
him. He said he did, and the party  
started out. The two confidence-men  
spent about ten dollars apiece enter-  
taining the victim, and then proposed  
that he look up his friend, get his cash  
and play poker.

"I can't get it from him to-night,"  
said the veteran.

"Why, I thought you knew where to  
find him," protested one of the  
sharpers.

"So I do," said the veteran, "but it  
happens he's the same friend on whose  
account I'm wearing this badge. I mean  
Uncle Sam. You see, for precau-  
tion, I put my money in an envel-  
ope before I started, addressed it to  
myself and dropped it in the letter-  
box. No, gentlemen, I can't get any  
to-night."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

### THE MODEL HUSBAND.

A Woman Who Thinks That Marriage  
Is Not a Monologue, But a Dialogue.

A clever French woman, writing to  
the husband of a friend, piquantly  
puts the question thus:

"You, sir, have supposed yourself a  
model husband, and in many respects  
you were one. Nevertheless, you have  
one point in common with the great  
mass of your brethren, namely, to  
forget the precise idea of the duties  
which marriage imposes on your wife,  
and a very vague idea of those which  
it imposes on yourself. Marriage is  
not a monologue, but a dialogue.  
You have studied only one part, and  
that your own part. You are too  
sincere, sir, not to admit that four  
conceptions of marriage was simply  
this; to add to the customary satis-  
factions of your life an agreeable ac-  
cessory in the person of a worthy and  
graceful woman who would adorn  
your house, would perpetuate your  
name, and would bring you, in short,  
without much trouble, an increase of  
comfort and respectability. You, like  
all your sex, would like to find in Paris  
or in the provinces or abroad,  
that marvelous woman who would  
make all the sacrifices and require  
none of you. You have not found  
her, and no one will find her, for this  
rare bird that you all dream of—the  
family woman—implies a bird rarer  
yet—the family man. What do I mean  
by a family man? It is not a man who  
works tapestry sitting at the feet of his  
wife, who arranges the bill of fare,  
writes the invitations, places the lamps  
and winds up the clocks. We call a  
family man him with whom we read the  
same book, see the same exhibition,

admire the same painting or landscape;  
him who makes for us an intellectual  
life besides his own, or rather within  
with all his occupations, at least with  
all his leisure, and who consequently  
cherishes no taste nor pleasure, no in-  
terest of heart or mind which he is not  
willing or able to share with us; the man,  
in short, who, when he marries, fran-  
kly devotes all he has to the interest of  
the family without any selfish reserve.  
Be such a man, and you will attach  
your wife to the home by attaching  
yourself to it. Your home will be not  
only in your house; you will carry it  
with you like a domestic altar. It will  
be wherever you shall be with her; it  
will be in your heart and in yours  
wherever you mingle in affectionate  
intimacy your thoughts, your impres-  
sions, your enthusiasms, your beliefs,  
your charities.

"Certainly, sir, marriage is an en-  
prise which promises inestimable  
benefits; but there is a bill of expenses.  
Have you read it? I fear not; since,  
if you had, you would have seen there  
that a large part of the education of  
the wife should come from her husband;  
that it is for him to model to his wish,  
to shape according to preference, to  
raise to the dignity of his sentiments  
and his thoughts, this young heart and  
mind which seek only to please him;  
you would have seen there that it is  
both prudent and agreeable to add to  
the bonds which unite a wife to her  
husband those which unite a pupil to  
his teacher, his guide, his friend."

"I hear the objection you make.  
This young heart, this youthful mind,  
will not consent to your arrangements.  
They will oppose to your future edu-  
cation, their love of dissipation, of  
vanity, of coquetry; in short, the incur-  
able frivolity of women. I do not be-  
lieve in the incurable frivolity of wom-  
en, neither do you, for you often see,  
as I do, their frivolity transforming  
itself under the influence of affection,  
of pity, of faith, of misfortune, into  
austere devotedness and firm self-ab-  
negation. Why may it not yield to the  
sweet authority of first love, so  
powerful over the heart of women that  
it reappears through every thing as  
she lives?—through outrage, resent-  
ment, vengeance, remorse."

"Not avow it, you have not made  
this child whom you married would  
become at once an accomplished  
woman merely through the influence  
of the sacrament of marriage. Well,  
sir, this miracle was one which you  
yourself should have undertaken to  
perform. Consider whether you can  
not yet accomplish it."—*Cor. De Moines  
(Ia.) Register.*

### SODA LOCOMOTIVES.

Queer Motors for Use in City Streets  
Where Steam Is Forbidden.

At the Baldwin Locomotive Works  
there are in course of construction  
four locomotives which are designed  
to be run by soda, which takes the  
place of fire under the boiler. Soda  
has much the same power as coal with-  
out any of the offensive gases which  
that fuel emits. The engines are to be  
run on streets where steam engines are  
forbidden.

The engine has much the same ap-  
pearance as a passenger car. It is  
about 16 feet long, entirely boxed in,  
with no visible smoke-stacks or pipes,  
as there is no exhaust or refuse. The  
boiler is of copper, 34 inches in diam-  
eter, and 15 feet long, having tubes  
running through it, as in steam boilers.  
Inside the boiler will be placed  
five tons of soda, which, upon being  
dampened by a jet of steam, produces  
an intense heat. When the soda is  
thoroughly saturated, which will occur  
in about six hours, the action ceases,  
and then it is necessary to restore it to  
its original state by forcing through  
the boiler a stream of superheated  
steam from a stationary boiler, which  
drives the moisture entirely from the  
soda, when it is again ready for use.  
The exhaust steam from the cylinders  
is used to saturate the soda, and by this  
means all refuse is used.

These engines are the first of their  
kind that have been built in this coun-  
try, and are being constructed under  
the supervision of George Kuehler, a  
German engineer. The engines will  
have about the same power as those  
on the New York elevated roads, and  
will readily draw four light cars. Soda  
engines are now used in Berlin and  
other European cities very successfully,  
and they also traverse the St. Gothard  
tunnel, under the Alps, where steam  
engines can not be used, because the  
length of the tunnel renders it impos-  
sible to devise a system of ventilation  
which will carry off the foul gases gen-  
erated by a locomotive. So overpow-  
erful would these gases become that  
suffocation would ensue.—*Philadelphia  
Record.*

### Overheard at Long Branch.

"Oh, Amantia, isn't he handsome?  
I'm sure he's a German Baron."  
"So am I, Cecilia. Such a military  
figure! If we could only manage to  
get an introduction to him."  
"What a nice man to meet! He's  
baron meets a male friend, who  
hails him with:  
"Hello, Duke Landenshlager! What  
are you doing nowadays?"  
"Well, nothing much, Meister Kohn.  
You remember I was broke up in dot  
the good-byes. I think now I  
buy me out a barber shop."  
"How terribly disappointed they ac-  
cepted dimly into the distance."—*Phi-  
adelphia Call.*

### Willing to Oblige Him.

Chief of Lynchers—Have you any  
statement to make?  
Culprit (suavely)—A request, sir.  
"State it."  
"I notice this is a walnut tree. Now,  
as I used to be a paragonist, I"—  
"All right. We'll hang you on that  
chestnut yonder."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A game of ball was decided in a  
remarkable manner at New Bedford,  
Mass., recently. The pitcher was  
knocked out by a liner, which struck  
him in the chest. When he recovered  
the ball was found lodged under his arm,  
and the batsman was declared out, this  
catch winning the game for the pitch-  
er's club.—*Boston Herald.*

### MAXIMILIAN'S EXECUTION.

How the Emperor and General Miramon  
and Mejia Met Their Fate.

The moment had come; each of the  
condemned men mounted the car-  
riage which awaited them, and they  
traversed the streets of Queretaro in  
the midst of a motley multitude, who,  
respectful and afflicted, crowded round  
on their passage; handkerchiefs were  
waved, and now and again a sob would  
reach the prisoners' ears. The con-  
demned men bowed on each side as  
they recognized in the crowd many a  
familiar face. Some minutes before  
seven o'clock they arrived on the Cerro  
de las Campanas, a little more than  
half a mile distant from the town;  
here they descended from the carriage,  
walked on foot half-way up the hill  
called Cerro de las Campanas and  
turned their backs against a clump of  
cacti. The General in command of  
the troops, S. Gracia de Leon, caused  
an order of the day to be read, making  
it a penalty of death for any person  
who should try to prevent the execu-  
tion; and the prisoners were then given  
leave to address the crowd. The sun  
was by now high in the blue sky, glow-  
ing over the profound azure of the  
lofty mountains and bathing the val-  
ley with an intense flood of light and  
heat. The Cerro, like an immense rock  
thrown in the valley, stood forth bare  
and yellow-looking, green in places,  
with patches of cactus and nopals; a  
square of four thousand men surrounded  
the base of the hill, with its regular  
lines and its uniforms and bayonets  
glittering in the sun. Outside the med-  
dley of the undulating crowd, toward  
the east, appeared the lines of the white  
houses of Queretaro, all nearly cov-  
ered with foliage and surmounted with  
numerous cupolas and crosses; in the  
far distance the dim, bluish outline of  
the Cordilleras. The officer in com-  
mand of the file of execution ap-  
proached Maximilian and asked him  
pardon for having to fulfill his duty.  
The Emperor distributed several pieces  
of gold bearing his effigy to the sol-  
diers, recommending them not to aim  
at his face. He then embraced Gen-  
erals Mejia and Miramon, and as the  
latter had placed himself on his right,  
he said to him aloud: "Brave men  
should be respected by their Sovereigns  
to the brink of the grave. General,  
pass to the place of honor." Miramon  
stepped to the center. Then with a  
firm voice the Emperor addressed the  
crowd: "Mexicans! Men of my race  
and origin are born either to make a  
people's happiness or to be martyrs. God  
grant that my blood may be the last  
shed for the redemption of this un-  
happy country. Long live Mexico!"

Immediately General Miramon, at the  
top of his voice, as when he com-  
manded his troops on the battle-field,  
cried: "Mexicans! Before the court-  
martial my defenders only sought to  
save my life. At the moment I am  
about to appear before my God I pro-  
test against the name of traitor which  
they have thrown in my face to justify  
my condemnation. Let this spot of  
infamy be removed from my children's  
name, and God grant that my country  
may be happy. Long live Mexico!"  
General Mejia raised his eyes toward  
the heavens: "Very holy mother, I be-  
seach thy Son to pardon me, as I  
pardon those who are about to sacrifice  
me." A volley rang out from the file  
of soldiers, and, amidst the cloud of  
smoke, which slowly drifted away,  
Maximilian appeared writhing convul-  
sively in a pool of blood, and groan-  
ing: "Hay Hombre! The coup de grace  
put him out of his agony."—*Paris Figaro.*

### SERVANTS' UNION.

The Kitchen Girls of Melbourne Banded  
Together in a Union.

There exists in Melbourne a Domest-  
ic Servants' Union. It has issued a  
circular in which it says:  
The members of this society wish it  
to be thoroughly understood that they  
have not banded together for the pur-  
pose of taking any arbitrary steps  
against their employers, such as agita-  
tion for eight hours, or any thing of  
that description, as will be seen from  
the objects under which the union has  
been formed—namely:

1. To unite together for mutual protection.
2. To give mutual support to its members.
3. To endeavor to obtain a mitiga-  
tion of the difficulties under which we  
at present labor.
4. To establish a bureau for conven-  
ience and economy in obtaining em-  
ployment.
5. To encourage and protect the legiti-  
mate interests of aforesaid union, to  
render assistance in cases of oppres-  
sion, and to endeavor to settle any  
disputes between employers and em-  
ployees.
6. To establish a home under the  
management of the union for the use  
of the members when out of employ-  
ment.
7. To establish a sick fund for mu-  
tual assistance to members in time  
of sickness.

Our principal grievance is the regis-  
try offices, which, taking advantage of  
their monopoly, do not hesitate to ex-  
tort to the full extent. The union in-  
tend to abolish this evil by the estab-  
lishment of a bureau where all profits  
will be used for the benefit of members.  
Namely: towards the maintenance of  
a home for members when out of em-  
ployment, where it is intended to com-  
bine every comfort in as cheap a man-  
ner as possible. The entrance fee has  
been fixed at 1s. 6d., and the weekly  
subscription at 3d., with 1d. additional  
for each sick fund. This is expected to  
cover all expenses and find employ-  
ment through the office for all mem-  
bers of the union without any extra  
charge. Employers to pay 2s. 6d. for  
each engagement, or £1 annually.—  
*Pall Mall Budget.*

"Isn't he beautiful?" said the wife  
of the politician, as she dandled her  
baby boy, who smiled and kicked every  
time she threw him up. "He is," an-  
swered the proud father, as he watched  
the play of the little feet. "But I'm  
afraid he will never be a good party  
man." "Why not?" "Because he's  
a kicker." It is these terrible things  
that cast a gloom over the happiest  
families.—*Boston Courier.*

### PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York,  
is to have a \$75,000 parsonage on Fifth  
avenue.

—Horace Greeley's monument in  
Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, is a  
bronze bust resting on a marble base.  
—Eight of the original thirteen of  
the Emerson family of Bucksport, Me.,  
are living, and their combined ages are  
807 years.

—Mrs. Conant, the wife of the mis-  
sing editor of *Harper's Weekly*, is a  
proof-reader and translator of foreign  
languages in that establishment.—*N. Y.  
Tribune.*

—The late Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the  
famous novelist, was the first woman  
to send a telegraphic dispatch under  
the ocean via the Atlantic cable.—*N. Y.  
Herald.*

—Minnie Wilson, a rosy-cheeked  
maid of fifteen, drives the stage be-  
tween Milnor and Hamline, in Dakota.  
The route is extremely popular, as  
might be expected.

—M. Naquet was the father of the  
divorce law in France which enabled  
Patti to dissolve her marital relations  
with the Marquis de Canx. Naquet  
recently received a magnificent photo-  
graph of Patti, signed by herself and  
Nicolini.

—Elmer Schuch is the most accom-  
modating man heard from this season.  
He courted two girls in Reading, Pa.,  
and gave both the same kind of en-  
gagement rings. He then eloped with  
one, and when the other threatened  
him with a breach-of-promise suit left  
his wife and eloped with her.—*Pitts-  
burgh Post.*

—Mrs. Lilla May Pavy, widow of the  
late Dr. Octave Pavy, naturalist and  
surgeon of the Greely Arctic expedi-  
tion, has given to the National Museum  
at Washington the relics collected by  
her husband on his trip to the Arctic  
region, reserving the right to withdraw  
them if she desires at any time during  
her life-time.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—On a moss grown slab in the  
grave-yard at Rowley is the epitaph of  
Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, the first minister  
of the town, who died in 1660 in his  
seventieth year. It closes as follows:  
"With the youth he took great pains,  
and was a tree of knowledge laden  
with the fruit which the children could  
reach."—*Christian at Work.*

—Captain Joseph Berry, of Hailey,  
I. T., has a remarkable war record.  
When the rebellion broke out he spent  
three thousand dollars of his own money  
in organizing a regiment in Ohio.  
When mustered from the service his  
commanding officer indorsed his dis-  
charge as follows: "This officer has not  
been absent from his command a day  
during the entire war."—*Chicago Inter  
Ocean.*

—Solomon D. Van Gilden, a farmer,  
aged seventy years, from Warren  
County, this State, went to James-  
town, N. Y., and was married to Miss  
Hattie Millison, of Franklin, Pa. The  
bride has just passed her twentieth  
birthday and is decidedly pretty. The  
old man remarked as he left Justice  
Strunk's office that he would be  
hanged if he was going to get a  
license to get married if he had to go  
to Canada. This was the fourth time,  
and he was too old to take the new-  
fangled papers on the marriage ques-  
tion.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.*

### HUMOROUS.

—City Belle (pointing to a wild  
plant by the wayside)—"What's that?"  
Country Cousin—"That's milkweed."  
City Belle—"O, yes, what you feed the  
cows on, I suppose."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Some one says: "The mischievous  
boy is simply a locomotive off the  
track"; and, we may remark, a  
wrecked locomotive is generally  
caused by a misplaced switch.—*Puck.*

—A musical critic being told that a  
certain worn-out opera singer was  
singing with great success in Mexico,  
rejoined: "Well, I'm very glad to  
hear that he is again singing—in Mex-  
ico."—*N. Y. Ledger.*